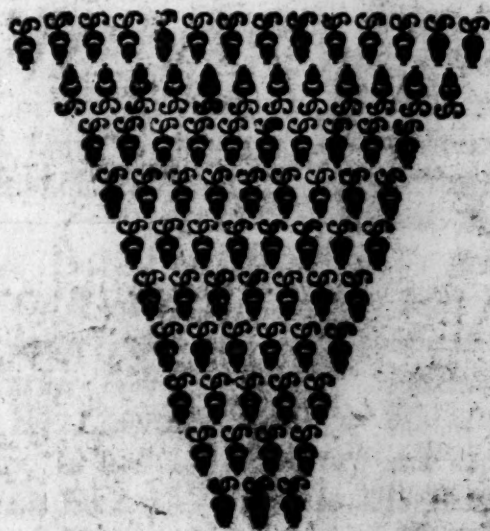


Rob. Wake

THE
TRIUMPH
OF THE
Great L—d S—



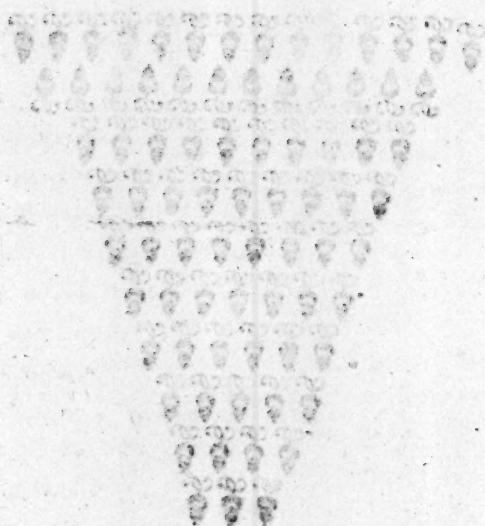
*Magnanimam Aacidam, formidatamq; Tonanti
Progeniem, &c.*

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THE TRIUMPH

OF THE

Great 1-4-2



Magnum 1-4-2

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THE P R E F A C E.

THE Hero who speaks in this Poem is a State-Draconzor, which is a kind of a Giant as Bold and Brave as he of Mr. Bayes. He snubs up Kings too, and disposes of Kingdoms: Conquers and Destroys, and Struts, and He-ctors, and in short does what he will, without regard to any thing. In this Essay he speaks like himself, for that's the Rule for Heroes. Si forte reponis Achillem, Impiger, iracundus, &c. And Horace has reason; for otherwise it were not Achilles. Every one of these Old Gentlemen in Homer speaks in his own Stile, particularly adjusted to his own Character. And this wonderful Proportion in Homer is reckon'd one of those inimitable Excellencies which have kept the Crown upon his Head for so many Ages.

The Antients chose Medea for a Model of the height of Impotent Rage and Wickedness. And therefore Horace gives a lasting Rule for that Character too; Sit Medea furens invictaque. Indeed such a Monster is so hard to be describ'd that all the Poets who speak of her, seem to be in pain to find a variety of proper Colours. Cui femina nequitia, ad audendum omnia, virile robur, nulla famæ memoria est.—— Sternam & evertam omnia.—— Invadam Deos & cuncta quatiā.—— Sola est quies mecum ruina cuncta si video obruta, &c. These are some strokes of her Picture in Seneca, whose Stile Monsieur Voiture compares to the Wine of his Country, hard and strong.

We must have reason to suspect that the Descriptions of Medea and of other such Monsters of Mankind, in the Poets, were nothing but the Licentious flights of heated Imagination, did not our own Eyes, as well as the gravest and best Historians, shew us as extravagant Examples daily, in literal Matter of Fact. The Corruption of Human Nature is capable of any thing: And in every Age there are Giants that make War against Heaven. Omne Sacrum rapiente dextrâ, Nothing Divine or Human, nothing so well and wisely established, but some will attempt to subvert it.

There have been Catilines in every Nation; and it happens in all Governments, as Cicero tells us of that of Rome; Cum ad gubernacula Reipublicæ temerarii atque audaces homines accerserant, maxima & miserrima naufragia fiebant. Nor is there any other thing to be expected from mad Pilots. When all does not truckle to their boundless desires, then Guilt and Revenge and Despair and the whole Mob and Tumult of their Passions conspire to make them sink the Ship they cannot Sail.

And truly there's a kind of supernatural Force, a kind of false Miracles to be seen in the success of Mischiefs. How near was Catiline to have utterly subverted and swallow'd up his Country, had not Cicero and some Noble Patriots stood in the gap? How many obscure little Hereticks started up in former days, and almost ruin'd

The PREFACE.

ruin'd the Christian Religion, even without Learning, or Authority, or Miracles? The Stone which Turnus threw so easily, six chosen Men of Virgil's time could not raise it from the Ground; but it is observ'd that it was a Land-Mark; and these things are very light in the hands of furious Great Men.

The Prosperity of Mischief has gone near to shake the Belief of a Providence in the best Men of all Times and Religions, till the fatal end of those Phaetons, even in this World, answers the objection to the meanest Capacities. The successful Greatness of Claudian's Monster of a States-Man, Ruffinus, had brought the Poet to his *Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit Sententia Mentem Curarent Superi terras, &c.* But at last he found the reason of the blazing hight of these Meteors, tolluntur in altum ut lapsu graviore ruant. These Gentlemen commonly stretch all the Strings so violently high, that they must infallibly crack, and then the whole Scene ends in their own Ruin, and in a vindication of Providence: Quoties voluit fortuna locari.

No Country upon Earth has had more frequent or more fatal Examples of factious and daring Greatness than Britain has had: So that our Poets are not strain'd for Subjects, nor left to pure Invention. Whoever Applies the following Picture to a particular Person, he owns the Resemblance, and thereby justifies the Author. In that case, he may have reason to use Aristotle's Critick, who says that some Poems are Ridiculous because they are too True. One thing I dare say of it, that the Design is Honest; To place some small Light on a dangerous Rock, which is an excusable Charity in every Man, if not his Duty. Neither great Parts, nor a great Post, are necessary for every good Office of a good Citizen: The Geese and the Dogs were allow'd their share in the defence of the Capitol; And the Heads of Asses serv'd the Gods in their Wars against the Giants.

Aristotle reckons it one of the hardest parts in Poetry to dress a frightful Subject in proper Ornaments; And this is another Prerogative which he gives unalienably to his Prince of Poets, in whose description of a very Cyclop he finds these *Φοβεράς κακότηας* which we can hardly render into English.

The French Translate it, Des graces terribles; Terrible Beauties or Frightful Ornaments: As if one would say Musical Thunder.

But we have had too much of Homer and Aristotle in Preface to such an Essay, in which if there be any that's worth the Reading, it is owing to the Subject. But, as Mr. Bayes says, you'll understand it better when you see it.

THE

T H E
TRIUMPH
 O F T H E
 Great Lord S—

THus in the Triumphs of my Pow'r I reign;
 Set bounds to Empires, and give Kings to *Spain*;
 And Laws and Commons snarl at me in vain. }

My bold Decree makes Princes rise or fall :

And Him that made me I've us'd worst of all.

LEWIS, whose Maxims are the same with mine,

Who's Will no sawcy Parliaments confine,

He, for his Share, shall by my Pow'r have all,

And Lord it for me o'r the trembling Ball.

The Earth's my own; I give it as I please;

And to my Vice-Roy, *K—d*, I gave the Seas.

The Land and Ocean did obey our Laws :

All was our own, where e'r we reach'd our Claws.

But, Artless Rogue, he knew not how to Rule;

Therefore just Fate pursu'd and hang'd the Fool.

My stronger Genius and transcending Skill

Make Fortune truckle to my boundless Will.

My daring hand shall rule or sink the State :

And all shall perish or I'll still be Great.

For Empire fitted, and with Furies arm'd,

My Foes I've routed, and the World allarm'd.

Whate'r resists, feels my Avenging force:

Nothing was e'r so rapid as my Course ;

B

Not

Not Light'ning, Tempest, nor the raging Waves;
 It breaks all Banks, and the Creation braves.
 Some creeping Mortals, Slaves to Law and Truth,
 Meanly by Virtue court a Fame forsooth.
 I hate all Cant that keeps my Mind in aw,
 And scorn the Fetters of Pedantick Law.
 I study'd all its holds, and view'd its strength,
 Onely that I might Conquer it at length.
 I poyson'd all its streams at Fountain-head;
 And now with one great Blow I've struck it dead.
 I've forc'd its Trenches, and brought down its Walls:
 Its boasted strength and musty Empire falls:
 On'ts ruin'd Neck my tow'ring Fortune's built:
 I scorn cold middle Regions of Guilt.
 You, my brave Myrmidons, my Trophies rear:
 I'll ride Triumphant; there's no room for fear:
 I'll reign, insult, and all, because I dare.
 Shew me the Great *Dracanzor*, new or old,
 Shew me the *Hero*, e'r durst be so bold.
 The Celebrated *Bontefens* of past times
 Were but faint Types of me in noble Crimes:
 Mongrel False-Braves, not daring to be Great,
 Wicked by halves, still sink beneath the weight.
 By one poor Temple burnt a Wretch sought Fame;
 And *Nero* joy'd to see one Town on Flame:
 Mean Chits in Mischief! and in Fame but Fools;
 Scarce fit to be my Ministers or Tools.
 At the bold light of Glory I aspire:
 I've set my Country and the World on fire.
 The fam'd *Sejanus* was a gawdy Toy;
 And *Catiline* an unsuccessfull Boy.
 Your *Spencers*, *Gavestons*, and *Buckinghams*,
 Were Fops, and Cowards, innocent Flim-flams.
 The Storms I raise, confound the Earth with Main:
 The wounds I give, shall ne'r be cur'd again.

E'n th' Idol *Asbley*, if compar'd to me,
 Was but a Pigmy, Puny Deity.
 Meanly he creapt, and sculk'd behind the Laws:
 I've cut the Knot, and broke all; for the Cause.
 He, at first Gull of Storm, sneak'd off the Stage;
 I trampling stand; the Glory of the Age.
 He by the House's Pow'r the Court oppress'd:
 I've made that very House and 'ts Pow'r a Jest.
 And, by a Nobler Heat than *Sampson* push'd,
 Pull'd down the House, and yet my self not crush'd:
 Nor shall the Whole combin'd Race of Man
 Dare to attempt to build it up again.
 Its dismal Ruines shall, like *Babel's*, ly;
 A Jest and Warning to Posterity.
 Till now, that *Sanhedrim* ne'r fear'd Neglect;
 And whoe'r struggl'd, 'twas sure to break his Neck.
 'Twas idoliz'd at home, and fear'd abroad:
 Its Oracles, like those of any God.
 To *Rome*, and *Athens*, durst it self compare:
 And Kings acknowledg'd the unerring Chair.
 To all our Motions it gave all the Springs;
 Sinews of War, and Strength and Fame to Kings.
 Admiring Mortals thought it was design'd
 To be the heav'nly Refuge of Mankind;
 That with its Fate *Great Britain* stands or falls;
 The Goddess Liberty, within its Walls:
 Its very Being was the Publick Choice:
 'Twas call'd the People's, therefore God's own, Voice.
 The Guardian Angel of their Property's,
 That made and kept this Land a Paradise.
 Curb to th' Ambition and the Fraud of Courts,
 To which for aid both poor and rich resorts.
 The holy Mount, and the sacred Rock:
 The People joy'd and trembl'd when it spoke.
 Whoe'r without respect approach'd too nigh,
 Struck by its bolts, did unlamented dye.

It was the Pride and Glory of the Isle;
 The Balance of the World, as of our Soyl.
 Long might it reign'd the Arbiter of all,
 Had not my Rival hand decreed its Fall:
 I crush all Rivals in my Sovereign Clutch;
 Two Suns in one Horizon are too much.
 Whoe'r contend with me for Pow'r shall die:
 The Uncontroulable Supream am I.
 Its bold Attempts to Treason did Amount:
 It dar'd to call e'n Me to an Account.
 If it had onely sacrific'd my Friends;
 We Heroes pardon that, for greater ends.
 It might have safely strip'd them of the Spoils
 Which they had grasp'd in times of happy Broils.
 But when it touch'd on my Prerogative,
 Then it was time it shou'd no longer live.
 I rowz'd my Force, nor did my armed Claws
 Fear the Majestick terror of its Laws.
 Its Conquests o'r the Giants, that withstood
 Its Pow'r and Honour, serv'd to fire my Blood.
 The Noble danger did my Courage warm:
 I found a Foe was worthy of my arm.
 The mighty Triumph was reserv'd for me;
 Loud endless Fame shall sound my Victory.
 The many headed Monster I have slain;
 Torn out its Vitals; empty'd every Vein.
 Expos'd and mangl'd at my feet it lies;
 And with it, its curst Sting, Impeachment, dies.
 That boasted Bulwark of the People's Rights,
 Scare-crow to high and hungry Favourits,
 Disarm'd and naked I've expos'd to Laughter:
 Rejoyce ye Favorits that come hereafter:
 In Rapine range, and swim in full delights;
 I'll make the People loath their very Rights:

All they'll resign, and place all Right in me,
 As all the Rivers run into the Sea.
 For me alone the Race of Man was made:
 I'm born the Monarch, and I'll be obey'd.
 I'll teach those things, call'd **Representatives**,
 On me depends their Pow'r, their Fame, their Lives.
 If any New head of the *Hydra* rise,
 'Tis but New Matter for my Victories:
 As soon as to its Monstrous form 'tis grown,
 My hand, as *Tarquin's* Switch, shall mow it down.
 Nothing can stop the Fury of the Brave:
 Fortune's my drudge; and Mankind is my Slave.
 No Meteor ever rose from dust so high;
 Laws, Senats, Church, yea Heaven I defy:
 We Modern Whigs, we own no Deity.
 Born to our selves, we do our selves adore:
 Nor need the pious Masks our Fathers wore.
 Our *M—ns* and *Wha—ns*, with bold Blasphemies,
 Out-do th' old Saints that whin'd and turn'd up Eyes.
 All things must have their time: That Sham's worn out:
 We've chang'd the Battery, and are grown more stout.
 We've made a League, much stronger than the Fashion,
 With all the honest Atheists of the Nation:
 A powerful Ally, on my Reputation.
 Not in Sheep's Cloaths but in bright Arms we stand;
 And force Religion fairly, Sword in hand:
 As *Alexander*, rowze our Enemy;
 And scorn to steal a sneaking Victory.
 Yet not unskill'd in Stratagems of War;
 And what we want of Force, make up in Care.
 We raise such Dust as darkens all the Skyes,
 And multiplies our Numbers to their Eyes.
 By Vigilance and Zeal we over-aw
 And shake a Faith established by Law.

Their Mitred Leaders in our Noise can fright :
 These Gen'ral's desert, and own our Right.
 Chiefly our Strength at Court brought o're the Prigs ;
 And B——s Metamorphos'd into Whigs.
 All *Ovid's* God's, no more of any Nation,
 Ne'r wrought so Comical a Transmutation.
 Their Post, and Cause, and Livery's to resist us ;
 Yet none do so Encourage or Assist us.
 The Substance Ours ; no Matter for the Coat :
 We have their Hearts, and, which is more, their Vote.
 Their *Yea's* and *No's* to Ours still nicely time :
 And in one Note, like Clock at Twelve they chime.
 We hate them still, but use them Artfully,
 To weaken and expose the Enemy,
 Their desperat Brethren, who dare yet hold out,
 Who dream our Cause and me its Head to rout,
 Who of their oldest Troops have form'd a Camp,
 In their Low House, of Men of their own Stamp :
 Where the Great Pillars that support the Frame,
 Are still misled by Conscience and Good Name ;
 Are stubborn Friends to Heaven and to Law,
 Names, which once kept the blinded World in aw :
 Them All together, were they Millions more,
 My dreadful Jaws shall, with their House, devour.
 I hate all Houses, but where I can Reign :
 I'll blast their Pow'r, and make their Projects vain.
 Nothing's impossible where I lead on :
 I say the Word, and every Wonder's done.
 Thus far my Arms have with Success been Crown'd :
 Whate'r resists, I give the deadly Wound.
 To unexempl'd hight and fame I soar,
 Not meanly equal what was done before.

Let us go on and Prosper, Noble Friends,
 By the same Arms and Courage force our Ends.

Let us destroy all Right of Government;
 Since we can find no Form can us Content:
 All we have try'd: All equally displease:
 All say we're no more to be Rul'd than Seas.
 They all complain we spur and drive too fast;
 That all their Wheels break with our furious haft.
 Pox on their Wheels: That's Order, and the Devil;
 Who talks to Us of Order is uncivil.
 We scorn constraint: Our Law's our boundless Will.
 By that alone we Measure Good or Ill.
 When Crown, or Senate, humbly serves our Ends;
 We kindly condescend to be its Friends;
 Give it the Name; the Feather in its Cap;
 As long's we Rule and Govern in its Shape:
 Then we can swear it drops down from the Skies;
 The Lord's own doing; Wondrous in our Eyes.
 But when it swerves from this unerring Rule;
 Streight We expose and kick the useless Tool.
 Just so we serve Religion; and we've Reason;
 If against us, God's Guilty are of their Treason.
 All our Religion's in one Point; no more,
 Ne'r to submit to any higher Pow'r.
 Whatever thwarts or disagrees with that,
 Is tyranny, or visionary Chat.
 All Mysteries we fairly now deride,
 Since we have got the Atheists on our side.
 We shew our Wit against the Son of God;
 And make him spurious as the Boy abroad.
 Weak Church-men's Hair does with abhorrence rise
 At what they call our Gross Impieties:
 Let them talk on: We're sure to please our selves;
 And will; inspite of all their Preaching Elyes.
 Let's not a fibre leave of Church or Law;
 My Pow'r alone shall keep the World in aw.

Still let's embroil Mankind, to shew our Parts;
 And make the World depend upon our Arts.
 Let's use all means to move and Cheat the Rabble;
 For good Old *England* ever was a Bubble.
 Do but enflame her once by Lyes and Clamour;
 Let all the Angels come, they'll not reclaim her.
 Let's keep her shatter'd by domestick Jarrs:
 And plunge her blindly in New Debts and Wars.
 When she gets rest, then opens she her Eyes;
 Looks into Crimes, and tries for Villanies,
 In Peaceful Quiet Times we sink and fail:
 For Order then, dull Right, and Laws prevail.
 But blest Confusion brings Impunity;
 In Wars and Tumults we grow bold and high:
 In troubled Floods we long again to Fish:
 A publick Storm and Feavers what we wish.
 The Fools shall fight; we'll wisely touch the Ore;
 We long to handle Fifty Millions more;
 And make Accounts just as we did before.
 Let's Purge and Bleed the Body Politick:
 And let none others Cure it when 'tis Sick:
 With Mountebank Receipts delude its Health:
 Cheat it with visionary Paper-wealth.
 Let's both its Money and its Credit drain:
 First make the Fonds Deficient, then complain.
 When this wild Nation grows too rich and high,
 Streight it grows wanton, and forgets t' obey:
 Let's keep it poor and humble; still in flame;
 Leaving it always but an after-game:
 And when we make it in Confusion roul,
 Find Momentary shifts to stop a hole.
 No Compass fix'd; Na steady Course to steer;
 Still in a headlong and a blind career:
 Still in a Labyrinth, and no clue at all;
 Running its giddy Head against ev'ry Wall.

In all Events, Ours be the Gold and Fame :
 And let poor **Passive Tories** bear the blame.
 Tho' we our selves have **LEWIS** rais'd so high,
 Given him this very Pow'r to terrify :
 Yet our blest Arts still serve our present Ends ;
 You see we make the Tories seem his Friends.
 When we raise dust, they never mind Defence ;
 But dream that they are safe in Innocence :
 We're happy in their Stoick Indolence.
 How easy's Conquest o'r a Modest Foe ?
 He merits Death who dares not ward the blow.
 They trust to Number and to Right forsooth :
 But Zeal and Clamour still beat lazy Truth.
 To use our Weapons they ne'r yet have known ;
 Nor dare they ever Fight us with their own.
 Bold Lyes, false News, and Libels, are the means
 By which our Cause to all its ends attains.
 This consequential Article of our Creed
 'Sworth all the Churches thirty nine, in Need :
 Till our good Friend, the *Scot*, them rectify'd.
 Of all our Tools, this writing bustling *Scot*
 Is the best instrument we ever got :
 Propitious Fate both does our Foes divide ;
 And brings the blustering hot Spurs to our side.
 Our Arts and Courage shall the World enslave :
 Let us push on : The Fates obey the Brave.
 While I'm the daring Leader of the Cause,
 All Foes are weak ; their Canons, and their Laws :
 Nor Right nor Reason shall my Pow'r controul :
 My conquering Name shall fly from Pole to pole.
 Higher than *Babel* I'll my fabrick rear :
 Arm'd with consuming Fire I nothing fear :
 My all-confounding Genius is my Fence :
 And all Right is founded in bold Impudence.

But now, methinks, I some weak Brother hear
 In trembling Accents thus express his fear;
 'Tis true you've vanquish'd; trampil'd have on all;
 But loftiest Pride still nearest is to fall.

How many Mad poor Mulhrom Mortals have
 With bold Ambitious hands digg'd their own Grave?
 Weak Upstarts rais'd to an unequal Station,
 Their Heads turn round with th' height of th' Elevation,
 Soon you may find this tow'ring Insolence
 Allarms Mankind and weakens your Defence.
 You've trick'd the *House* by noise of War, and Lyes:

But will the People never ope' their Eyes?
 The very Ghost of that departed *House*,
 You see how't can expose and weaken us.

What if the same or a worse *House* rise up?

'Twill put more Wormwood in the bitter Cup.

What if they treat you as a daring Fool?

Or use you as their Ancestors did *Pool*?

Convert' your Misdemeanours into Treason?

I fear all sober Men will say they've reason.

Take it from me, and with the wise consult it.

None in their wits will see that *House* insulted;

Or to all Rights we bid our last Adieus:

And the next step we make's in Wooden Shoes.

Ne'r please your self with vain Imagination

'Gainst its own Throat that you can arm the Nation.

For no new *House* from new Elections hope;

Change't ne'r so oft, 'twill ne'r its Rights give up;

Ne'r be so mad, suppose it what you will,

As voluntarily its own self to kill.

How can you dream that for your Pride alone

They'll forge the Nations Fetters and their own?

The Nations Voice will ne'r it self strike dumb:

Nor will the People finish their own Tomb.

With

With such wild Visions why your self deceive?
 Or fancy Mankind to it self a Knave?
 Few Fools are so abandon'd, in our Age,
 To covet Chains, and quit their Priviledge.
 Bribe as you will, give all your *Indian* Gold,
 And all for which you the dark Treaties sold.
 Tho' we give all we've from the Publick robb'd;
 Yet the whole Nation cannot be Stock-jobb'd.
 There's still a force in Sense and Liberty
 Too strong for all our Noise and Bribery.
 You see how that already turns the tide;
 And carries all the Wiser from our side;
 How all our Lyes and Noise, Threats and Caresses,
 Have but procur'd four silly poor Addresses;
 And if fourscore, what's that in all the Nation?
 It could not serve your Fame, far less your Passion.
 You see how those who have Estates or Sense
 Wisely stand far aloof from your Defence.
 They well foresee your ruin and confusion,
 Who thus expos'd our boasted Constitution;
 Strove to subvert all Pow'r, and Rights, and Laws;
 For your wild Maxims ruin every Cause.
 If the Trustees of all Mankind be false,
 Welcome *Hobbs's* state of Nature! Nothing else;
 No Rule can be establish'd; State nor Throne,
 No Pow'r to last a day, no not your own.
 See how't already vanishes away:
 Short is your Light, and clouded is your Day.
 Your dark enchanted Legions disappear:
 E'n the five *Worthies* dwindle into Air:
 And what could we expect of help or fame
 From Enemies to God and Sense and Shame?
 Mad violent flashes, of themselves, soon fail:
 While constant Sense and Justice must prevail.

These still at last lead 'em the Croud and Throng, *Rob. Wake*
Nor is the Legion always in the Wrong.

Do but inform them fairly of their Faults:

They shew they're capable of wiser Thoughts.

And when the Tide once turns the other way,

He may repent it who did them betray.

While thus you stand on such a slip'ry place,

Nothing is sure but ruin and disgrace.

Can you expect Protection from a King

On whom your Faults you barbarously fling?

But next pray tell me what if we forsake you?

And let the hand of Justice overtake you?

For your own sake you madly venture all;

And leave no hope of rising, if we fall.

Some *Ignis Fatuus*, that deludes your Sight,

Only to Precipices leads you right.

With all your high *Heroick* airs, alas,

I fear at best you'll prove Sir *Hudibras*.

Hold. For such Fears are rude as well's unkind;

They offend my Ears, but fire my soaring Mind.

To avoid Dispute I'll grant all you'll suppose:

Yet still I'm more than Master of my Foes.

Let th' Earth combine; and all that's to be fear'd:

Let Friends and Kings rebel; I'll be prepar'd:

I'll take in my own hand, 'gainst all Revolts,

By next *Partition*, *Jove's* own Thunderbolts.

F I N I S.